Humorous Department

He Knew It Was Dangerous.—An Englishman was seeing his first game of baseball, and the "fan" was explaining the different plays as they were being made.

"Don't you think it's great?" enthusiastically asked the "fan."

"Well," replied the Englishman, "I think it's very exciting, but also a very dangerous game."

"Dangerous nothing," replied the fan.

Just then a runner was put out at second base.

"What has happened now?" asked the Englishman.

"Click Smith has died at second," laconically replied the fan.

"Died at second?" replied the astonished Briton. "I knew it was a dangerous game."

No Free Advertising.—A violinist was bitterly disappointed with the account of his recital printed in the paper of a small town.

"I told your man three or four times," complained the musician to the owner of the paper, "that the instrument I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and in his story there was not a word about it, not a word."

Whereupon the owner said with a laugh:

"That is as it should be. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in my paper under ten cents a line, you come around and let me know."

A Model to be Copied.—Mrs. Simpson had taken her little daughter out to tea with her, and during the meal was horrified to see the child trying to force a very small piece of bread into a very small pocket.

"Why Marion," she said in shocked surprise, "what on earth are you doing?"

"That's all right, mother," her small daughter assured her. "I'm just taking this slice back to nursie for a pattern."

A Deep-Laid Plan.—"Would you mind letting me off fifteen minutes early after this, sir?" asked the bookkeeper. "You see, I moved into the suburbs and I can't catch the train unless I leave before five o'clock.

"I suppose I'll have to," grumbled the boss; "but you should have thought of that before you moved."

"I did," confided the bookkeeper to the stenographer a little later, "and that's the reason I moved."

And it Did.—"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle, after being conducted through the newly furnished wing of the magnificent palace occupied by the new-rich Bullingtons, "has such a splendid vocabulary."

"Do you think so?" her hostess replied.

"Josiah wanted to get her one of them escritoirees, but I made up my mind right at the start that a vocabulary would look better in a room furnished like hers."

Not Getting It for Nothing—A businesslike man stepped briskly into the butcher's shop. "Give me a piece of beef for roasting," he ordered. The beef mostly bone, was tossed upon the scales.

"But look here," remonstrated the customer, "you are giving me a piece of bone."

"Oh, no, I ain't," replied the butcher with a grin. "I ain't giving it to you. Yer a-payin' me for it."

Looking Far Ahead.—One of the dimunitive flower maidens at an English flower fete attended by the Queen Mother was both pretty and plump, and when Her Majesty stopped to smile down upon her she put up her wee mouth for a kiss, which she received.

"Molly!" gasped her horrified mother. "How could you do it?"

Molly gave a sound reason. "I thought it u'd be interesting to tell my gran'children."

Too Familiar.—She laid her hand lovingly on her husband's shoulder. He started.

"My dear would you mind not doing that?" he asked.

"Well do you object, dearie?" asked the wife.

"Well," replied the husband, "ever since we have owned a car, every time you do it I think of the traffic cop."

Might Bring in Some Business.—A young country doctor whose business was not large sat in his office reading when his henchman appeared.

"Them boys is a-steeling of your green apples agin, sir. Shall I drive 'em away?"

The doctor considered a moment and leveling his eyes at his servant, responded:

"No."

Badly Out of Place—Little Mary, whose parents had just moved to town, had been operated on for appendicitis, but the teacher did not know this and asked her in physiology class one day:

"Mary, where is your appendix?"

Mary's reply was disconcerting, for she said: "Over in York County."

Of Course She Knew.—"How useless you girls today are," lamented the old lady to her granddaughter. "Why, I actually don't believe you know what needles are for."

"How absurd you are, grandma!" protested the girl. "Of course I know what needles are for. They are to make the talking machine play."

Practice Makes Perfect.—"Pardon me for a moment, please, "said the dentist to the victim, "but before beginning this work I must have my drill."

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed the patient irritably. "Can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

A Useful Habit.—"I don't see how you stand it," said Mrs. Youngbride to her older married friend. "It would simply break my heart to have my husband to prop up the newspaper at the breakfast table every morning."

"Oh, I don't know, said the other. "You see, it keeps the grapefruit from spattering as far as it might otherwise."

The Last Word in Dress Reform.—"Will you alter this gown to fit me?" asked the young lady of her dressmaker.

The couturiere raised her hands in pious horror.

"Certainly not, mademoiselle, certainly not," she answered. "Why that isn't done any more. You must be altered to fit the gown."

CHANGES IN CLASS

Local Board No. 1 Revises List of Registrants.

Local Board No. 1 has changed 111 of its men to Class 1 from other classifications and has transferred 32 men to Class 2 from Classes 3 and 4. The list is as follows:

Frank E. Ardrey, from 4 to 2B.
Abagail Avery, from 2 to 1.
Charles S. Bagley from 4 to 2B.
George Brown from 4 to 2B.
Robert S. Bigham from 2B to 1.
Earl Baker from 2B to 1.
L. B. Bennett from 2 to 1.
Earle E. Broom from 3 to 1.
John F. Boyd from 4 to 2.
Pink Broomfield from 2 to 1.
John F. Bradley from 2 to 1.
Robert L. Byrdin from 2 to 1.
William Boyce from 2 to 1.
James H. Bird from 2 to 1.
Frank Betchler from 2 to 1.
John Brown from 2 to 1.
James Berry from 2 to 1.
John R. Collins from 2 to 1.
Lonnie Kollock from 2 to 1.
Oscar Thomas Culp from 4 to 2.
Chas. Alonzo Chambers from 2 to 1.
Bud Anderson Chavis from 2 to 1.
Sam Cameron from 2 to 1.
Oswell R. Cook from 4 to 1.
Benjamin S. Crenshaw from 4 to 2.
George A. Cowan from 3 to 1.
Arthur P. Clark from 3 to 1.
Fred Crockett from 2 to 1.
Lowrence Collins from 2 to 1.
Jesse Dunn from 4 to 1.
Frank N. Downs from 3 to 1.
William B. Davis from 2 to 1.
R. Lee Davis from 2 to 1.
Charles C. Dale from 4 to 1.
John James Denton from 3 to 1.
Alexander H. Davis from 2 to 1.
Jesse C. Deese from 3 to 1.
William Davis from 2 to 1.
William Duncan from 2 to 1.
Barlie Dawkins from 2 to 1.
James H. Duncan from 2 to 1.
James B. Ellison from 2 to 1.
Robert Furr from 4 to 1.
John Fraser from 2 to 1.
L. E. Ferry from 2 to 1.
Harry Friedheim from 4 to 2.
Arthur Garrison from 2 to 1.
Ed Glenn from 2 to 1.
Roller P. Gordon from 4 to 1.
Alvin B. Gibson from 4 to 1.
James A. Gettys from 2 to 1.
James T. Greene from 2 to 1.
John Graham from 2 to 1.
Ferman P. Graham from 4 to 2.
William Henry Hovis from 4 to 1.
Allen G. Huggins from 4 to 2.
Charles D. Hope from 4 to 2.
Howard B. Huddleston from 4 to 1.
John Haney from 2 to 1.
Nathan Boyd Hinson from 3 to 1.
John Hammond from 4 to 2.
Julius H. Huckabee from 4 to 2.
Brice Hemphill from 4 to 1.
William N. Healon from 4 to 2.
Clyde S. Hutchinson from 3 to 1.
Raymond C. Hutchison from 2 to 1.
William J. Hunter from 2 to 1.
Robert Jones from 4 to 2.
J. H. B. Jenkins from 4 to 2.
Sam Johnson from 2 to 1.
John H. Gordon from 3 to 1.
August Johnson from 4 to 1.
Manual Jenkins from 2 to 1.
Thomas B. Kimbrell from 2 to 1.
Leonard H. Lucas from 2 to 1.
W. S. Lesslie from 4 to 1.
Joe Lathrop from 4 to 2.
Eb McKoy Kimbrell from 2 to 1.
Herbert Knox from 2 to 1.
James Kenett from 2 to 1.
Doctor Stanton Kimbrell from 4 to 2.
W. O. Kimball from 1 to 2.
Walter F. Lovelace from 2 to 1.
David B. McFadden from 4 to 2.
Oscar E. Norris from 4 to 2.
Plato D. McCord from 4 to 2.
Zeb Vance Morton from 4 to 1.
Charles B. McCorkle from 2 to 1.
James M. Mickle from 3 to 1.
L. C. McSwain from 4 to 2.
John McKinney from 2 to 1.
Ernest S. McClure from 2 to 1.
John Karl Moser from 2 to 1.
Graham Marks from 2 to 1.
Dandy Massey from 2 to 1.
Ralph C. Nannis from 2 to 1.
John C. Paysinger from 4 to 1.
Ben Tillman Parish from 3 to 1.
Benjamin Holt Porter from 2 to 1.
Henry C. Pride from 2 to 1.
William Plemmons from 4 to 1.
Toney Lathan Parish from 4 to 1.
Charlie Porter from 4 to 1.
John L. Poe from 4 to 2.
Leroy Parish from 2 to 1.
Ell Potts from 2 to 1.
Ben D. Partlow from 2 to 1.
Bud Wilson Pace from 2 to 1.
William L. Ratterree from 4 to 1.
Earle B. Roach from 4 to 1.
William N. Robinson from 4 to 1.
W. C. Reid from 2 to 1.
Heyward W. Robinson from 3 to 1.
Charles G. Rockett from 2 to 1.
James Pearl Ross from 2 to 1.
George P. Sturgis from 4 to 2.
Will Sexton from 4 to 1.
Theo B. Sturgis from 2 to 1.
Murray E. Small from 3 to 1.
Foy Russell Sadler from 3 to 1.
William Stover from 4 to 2.
William Sheehan from 4 to 1.
Julius McCoy Sealey from 4 to 2.
Edward Spinks from 4 to 2.
James G. Scruggs from 3 to 1.
Charlie Spinks from 2 to 1.
John M. Simrill from 3 to 1.
Gus Smith from 3 to 1.
Ira Floyd Smythe from 3 to 1.
Walter Lee Taylor from 2 to 1.
Horace Thomasson from 2 to 1.
Arthur Thrailkill from 3 to 1.
William Franklin Taylor from 4 to 2.
William Wylie from 2 to 1.
David P. Watson from 2 to 1.
Lou Robert Wilson from 2 to 1.
Carl N. Whitesell from 4 to 1.
Walter L. Wilkerson from 4 to 2.
Sam G. Youngblood from 4 to 1.
Luther Clyburn from 2 to 1.
Lucius Barber from 2 to 1.
John G. Barron from 4 to 2.
Paul A. Barron from 3 to 1.

HIDDEN IN SHELL HOLE

British Soldier Has Terrible Experience for Seven Weeks.

If you have been thinking that "distinguished service" on the battlefield means no grand dash and then a quiet room, an attentive nurse and pleasant recuperation, consider the Private J. Taylor, whose valor is briefly recited in a late issue of the official supplement to the London Gazette.

This official list of soldiers cited for decorations always carries a short description of the act of valor for which the citation is made.

These two paragraphs accompany announcement of the award of the distinguished conduct medal to Private Taylor.

"Having been cut off with his company, he received a bullet in the thigh, causing a compound fracture. To avoid capture he crawled into a shell hole, where he remained for a period of over seven weeks, during the whole of which time the surrounding district was subjected to a severe bombardment by our artillery. He subsisted on tins of bully beef collected at night from dead bodies, and water which he obtained in a waterproof cap.

"After some weeks three of the enemy visited his shell hole, but by feigning death he avoided capture and eventually succeeded in crawling back to our lines—a distance of some 900 yards."

In a hospital near London, where he is recuperating, Taylor diffidently amplified the story of his terrible experiences.

Robbed Dead for Food.

"It was during one of our attacks upon the Hindenburg line," he said. "We had gone over the top, two companies of us. We were met by a terrific enemy fire and the fellows were dropping like ninepins. I was knocked out. It must have been a couple of days before I recovered consciousness. I found myself in a shell hole with another man who was wounded but could move freely. During the days and part of the nights the bombardment kept up. Shells fell all around, but none happened to drop in our shell hole.

At night Peters crept out and foraged among the dead for scraps of beef, line rations and their water bottles. After two or three days it rained. We collected water in our caps.

"That sort of existence lasted for over five weeks. I was getting weaker and weaker. One night Peters crawled out and did not come back. That left me without aid.

Plays 'Possum; Fools Huns.

"Next day a party of Germans came into my shell hole. One lifted my leg—luckily not the broken one or I'd have yelled—I was covered with mud and looked like the other bodies covering the ground. During the next fortnight I managed to live on the reserve beef Peters had collected. Then, feeling that nothing worse could happen, I resolved to try to get into our lines. It was an inky night. First I crawled by mistake right into a German line. They didn't hear me, so I turned back and inched along for an hour. Then I got into some barbed wire. I was a mass of cuts, blood and rags before I got through. Just then a Verey light shot up. I saw a man peering over a trench. He was about to shoot when I shouted. Three of them came out and dragged me into our own trenches."

Before the war Taylor was a factory hand. He is recovering rapidly and looking forward to his return to the trenches.

COTTON LOANS REDUCED

So Says Mr. Stevenson's Correspondents—Case From Sumter.

The question of calling in cotton loans by the Federal reserve banks is likely to become an acute one in the south. Congressman Stevenson, who has been following the matter closely, gave out the following statement:

"On June 7, in a short talk on the floor of the house, I stated that calling loans on cotton held by farmers and difficulties of shipping cotton looked as if it was done in the interest of the manufacturer who could buy the cotton and leave it where it was, in the warehouse. David R. Coker of the council of national defense for South Carolina and a director in the Federal reserve bank at Richmond, Va., published all over the state of South Carolina a denial that the Federal reserve bank was doing it, to which I replied, citing one instance exactly in point. I now cite a letter from the Federal reserve bank at Richmond as follows:

"'Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond,
Fifth District,
June 11, 1918.

"'Peoples Bank of Sumter, S. C.

"'Gentlemen: We have placed five of the six notes amounting to $6,800 listed on your application of the 31st ultimo, to your credit today and return herewith the note of C. C. Osteen for $7,700. The warehouse receipts for the cotton securing this note are dated in October and November, showing that the cotton has been held by the maker of the note since that time. We see no justification for his holding the cotton at this time, when he has had the opportunity to sell it at the highest price ever known, and we do not feel that banks should lend money to any but those who are engaged in manufacturing cotton goods on the security of cotton unless the cotton has been held by the owner or some one who, in turn, will manufacture it.

"'Our government is in need of credit for the purpose of prosecuting the war, and only those can borrow who can show that the transaction is free from speculative features and that the proceeds of their notes are being used in useful enterprise.

"'Very truly yours,
"Thomas Marshall, Jr.,
"'Assistant Cashier.'

"The above letter confirms my theory entirely that manufacturers will be financed to buy and hold what farmers are to be forced to sell and pay loans on it.

"Again in a letter from Eugene W. Able of Saluda, S. C., I quote the following:

"'I see in the State of today the first mention of your controversy with Mr. Coker about the Federal reserve bank calling loans on cotton. I hasten to write you that as president of the Saluda Wholesale and Warehouse company of Saluda, we have had our loans to all intents and purposes called by a member of the Federal reserve bank and we saw instructions from Richmond under which the local bank was acting. While these instructions were not in so many words, the conclusion was inevitable. As a result we have had to unload several hundred bales of cotton at serious loss.'

"I quote from a bank and mill man from another part of the state who says:

"'There is no doubt in the world but the Federal reserve bank officials are behind the mill men in forcing the 1917 cotton crop on the market and not allowing the farmers to hold for better prices when the mills are making such an extravagant price on their output. You hit it right by saying they were making 300 per cent. Why don't you have the governor of the Federal reserve bank appear before congress and tell why they are forcing banks to call in their loans on cotton? There is something rotten somewhere and you southern congressmen should clear it out.'"

Mrs. Rose Greeley, 32 years old, whose husband is at Camp Dix, N. J., last week attempted to enlist in the United States marines. She was turned down, but declares she will get into active service in some way. She has two children.

PICTURE OF THE FIGHTING

Texas Lieutenant Writes About the Action "Over There."

No accurate mental composite picture of life and action upon the western front can be framed either by the man who is several thousand miles removed from the scene or by the soldier who is on the fighting line, according to the statement of Lieutenant William J. Tucker, who has been in service in France for several months. In a letter just received from him by his father, George Tucker of Gilmer, Texas, Lieut. Tucker says:

"What puzzled me most when I first went up to the trenches, quite a little while ago, was that at the very mouth of the boyaux, and within easy rifle shot of the Boche trenches, there resided civilians—women and some little children. They went about their daily task with gas masks strapped across their shoulders. This was a feature of the war the American soldier did not well understand. These intrepid civilians refused to be driven from their ruins of homes. I had not thought of myself exactly as coming out of the trenches, with gas mask at the alert, and walking across the street to purchase souvenir postals.

"And the uncanny accuracy of the artillery. That is something most of us had thought about. But we have come to find it is surprising how many shells the very best of artillery can drop very close by without hitting the right spot. And it is terribly annoying to think that with as many places there are to hit where you are not one of these shells might strike where you are.

"One of the best laughs I ever enjoyed was from looking over a shelled area through my glasses and seeing the Hun drop two shells nearly every two minutes against one of 'our batteries' which his avions had located. The way they were plowing up the ground in front of the 'guns' was delightful to behold. The great joke was the 'battery' was only some nicely shaped timbers, which protruded out of the 'emplacements' quite ominously.

"There was another time, not long ago, when I wandered over beautiful hills and splendid woods, which gave some evidence that the Boche lighter pieces could reach me with ease, but from morning until night I did not hear a single shot fired. Here I was, just back of the trenches, but with nothing but the occasional patch of 'suffering trees' to remind me that I was doing duty in the first line trenches. There is where the imagination mistakes. The splendid things of comfort and earthly protection are usually on paper.

"The American soldiers beat back a riding party last night,' or 'the Americans on the blank sector drove the enemy from his first line.' Those headlines give you an idea of what the American soldiers did, and the writer tries to tell you something of how magnificent the boys from home acted and how ignominously the enemy was defeated. He has told you all he has been able to obtain from headquarters about the working of the machinery. It is often impossible to secure the information and to describe the human side.

"When the American soldiers [illegible] back the raid perhaps the [illegible] good and accurate idea. The sentry who [illegible] and the gov[illegible] entrance while the other [illegible] safely beneath the protecting covering of earth, and who, while he lay at his post was hit by a rather heavy E. H. And he doesn't learn that days afterward in his kitbag somewhere they found a letter addressed to his mother and relatives. He told them he was glad to be over here and that if he ever had to go he hoped it would be while he was on the job at a little better than ordinary duty. The correspondents don't know about that letter and how the brave lad seemed to have some presentiment that he was approaching real danger, and wrote ever so tenderly and wanted to be 'forgiven for the slightest trouble he had ever caused them.' But that is one of the true sidelights, as you might learn if you knew the parents of Corporal Hughes.

"You see through the lines of the printed article the Americans driving the enemy from his own line, but they can't make you see the hell of shellfire that was falling about those men even before they were ready to leave their own trench. And they didn't tell you about the Boche who had climbed up a tree with an automatic rifle and dealt out a little destruction until an American located him. They can't show you Max Hubbell as he calmly goes to the keel and fires the lone shot that tumbles the Fritz out of that tree. And what sort of a view could you get of that giant Texas lieutenant, Currie, birch club in one hand and an automatic pistol in the other, working down the trenches, more than half naked from forcing his men to 'come in.' Just as if all they had to do was to follow while he cleared the way.

"Do they show you Hart, bombing those fellows he caught in their dugout, holding the grenades a little after they had fused to be sure they would not be thrown back at him like the first one he threw in? But we see them. We understand. And if you could gather news from the homes many wide apart, and they could tell you how Freddie Turner went and how Al Bohmer fought to the last; of how Orville Hawkins got his Croix de Guerre, of why Lieutenant Van Hoff is still in the hospital because he persisted in leading his men on after he was severely wounded, and why Captain Ross was cited in orders, then you would get better than a composite of the things which we have seen.' You would understand that those headlines are potent in their significance; that they are laden with glory for a large number, and that it means suffering for a few who are fighting the silent and sacrificing battle back home.

It is hard to compass the human side. It is difficult to perceive how it works upon an individual. When I first visited within the range of the mobile guns the constant roar of our guns and enemy guns and falling shells kind of unnerved me and I did not sleep so well that first night. Not long ago I was with an old veteran of a trench fighter. Things were ominously calm at the time. We decided to get a little sleep. 'How in the Sam Hill is a fellow going to sleep this kind of a night?' he asked me. 'I wish our guns would open up and the boche would drop over a few shells.' And he meant it, and I was in the humor to agree with him."

THE NOBLE RED MAN

More Conspicuous, in Some Virtues than the Whites.

When the white man landed on these shores, he found a people living close to nature, who had made but little material progress, but who, in their simple way, were getting the best out of life as they knew it. They were certainly one of the most picturesque and interesting of the primative races. They were essentially "children of the forest," all their needs being supplied from the great storehouse of nature. Physically they were splendid specimens of manhood at its best; tall and as straight as one of their arrows, they carried themselves with the easy grace of some wild animal. Hair was straight and black, cheekbones prominent, nose strikingly aquiline and the complexion not "red" but a rich brown copper. One of their young warriors, barring his head dress of feathers, might have posed for a Greek god in bronze. It is strange how he ever came to be called a "red man" as he is not red at all, but brown, the brown that came from centuries of exposure to wind and sun. There are two schools of writers, one picturing him as the incarnation of treachery and cruelty, and the other as the symbol of all the cruder virtues. Perhaps a middle line might be the correct angle from which to view the Indian as he really was, before the paleface influence of the white man brought out traits that before his coming were dormant.

The weight of the testimony of those whose lives came into contact with the Indian in the early days goes to prove that many of the simple virtues such as honesty, self-denial, the power to suffer without complaining, affection for their kin and a reverence for the things that to them were sacred, came as natural as scalping an enemy. The history of those times would seem to show that Indian treachery was the exception rather than the rule, where they were treated with fairness. In a way they were intensely religious, but the Great Spirit seems to have been a myth of the white man. The Indian had no conception of a single, all powerful being, omniscient and ever-present. But he invested all objects both animate and inanimate, with certain spiritual powers, some with power for good and others with power for evil. He believed there was a soul not only in man and animals around him, but in every bush and tree and flower. The glow from a sunset, the call of a bird, the fall of an acorn, the eddy in a stream, all meant something to him in a spiritual way; and he believed that certain birds and animals possessed powers even beyond man himself. It is said that the "Happy Hunting Grounds," the home of departed spirits, is another poetic invention of the white man, as the Indian regarded hunting and fishing as the hardest kind of manual labor, and his idea of a future place where he would be supremely happy, was where he would have nothing to do but eat, play games, sing and dance.

Many of the tribes were made up of different clans of those who were closely related by blood, and the totem of the clans was some animal to which they looked for protection, and from which in some cases, they believed they were descended. From living so close to nature, it is not strange that birds, trees and animals entered largely into their religion and folklore. The Indian trend of thought was poetic, and expressed itself in terms abounding in metaphors and figures of speech.

Many Indian legends, like that of Hiawatha, have been immortalized and taken a permanent place in the world's literature. The Indian language was rhythmical and flowing, abounding in vowel sounds. The musical rhythm of many of their words were sound pictures of the things they represented. Some of the old Indian legends and traditions strongly resemble those recorded in Holy Writ. Especially is this true of the story of Joseph and the feeding of the Children of Israel in the wilderness. Other legends suggest the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. The cardinal virtue of the Indian was to conceal one's emotions, to bear pain and show no sign. From earliest childhood they were taught to have a contempt for suffering, and to endure torture without the quiver of a muscle. Games of chance were enjoyed not only for the hope of gain, but that gave the loser an opportunity to show his fortitude if he happened to lose everything he possessed.

Among some tribes theft was so unusual that no punishment for that crime was provided for in their laws. If an Indian made a promise, he kept that promise to the letter, no matter what the consequences were to himself. Instances are on record, where an Indian under sentence of death, has been allowed to visit his people, with only his promise that he would return at the time appointed for the execution, and there is no record of one who failed to keep his word. No individual Indian owned land; he was at liberty to cultivate what he desired, but it did not belong to him, and when he ceased to plant it, anyone else had the same right to use it. About the only articles that an Indian owned were his weapons, the few household implements and tents belonging to the wife. A curious fact in their domestic relations was that a man's children belonged to the mother's clan, and they inherited from their uncles on their mother's side instead of from their father. The Indian had a good deal of the theatrical in his makeup, and was a pastmaster in the art when it came to imposing ceremonials and occasions calling for solemnity and impressive ritual. The dress of most tribes consisted of a hunting shirt and leggins of deerskin. Some sort of a robe or blanket was universally used either for warmth or dignity. Given a greasy blanket, and the warrior could drape it about his person togafashion, in a way that would have made a Roman senator green with envy.—C. A. D. in Greenville News.

The war department has called for the drafting of 6,500 men from the Hawaiian islands.

Italy's wheat crop this year is so good and there is so much of it that it is predicted that the yield will be sufficient for the country's needs. Much of Italy's wheat lands have been under continuous cultivation for a thousand years.

Didn't Suit Him.—Patrol leader—I found a button in my salad last night.

Wise tenderfoot—Oh, that was only part of the dressing.—Boys' Life.

"WHAT AILS THE WORLD"

OWING to unusual difficulties in printing and binding, Mr. Mahaffey's new book may not be ready until July 31. This is very much regretted, but cannot be helped. Meantime, if others want it at the low price of $1 leave orders at SHEIDER'S DRUG STORE. 1t